

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Representin '93"

"I got a head, but ain't no screws in it"

Roll up and get swoll up, hold up  
How ya gonna play me like a sunkin dunkin donut?  
I ain't came a long way to get checked  
So give me respect when I get wreck  
Or get your motherfuckin chin checked  
Once again, it's your friend outta Oakland  
Hoping I can rock the shit to get ya open  
Say your looking for some real shit  
Then catch a funkified batch  
Like that!

Oakland's on the map  
2Pac is on the big screen strivin  
Gotta love a nigga for survivin  
I wear alot of old schools jewels  
Look how the fools drool, ooohh  
Stop lookin at me hard cause you're buffer  
But I'll just buck them bigger motherfuckers  
Turnin men to suckers  
Niggas wanna start a little ruckus  
Better duck cause I'll be poppin' them motherfuckers  
They wanna throw their hands up, that's tight  
Hit em wit my eight, never had shit left, right  
Then hit em wit the uppercut, duck quick  
Shit outta luck, fucked and stuck with that rough shit  
Fuck a pop song, fuck a video, fuck Arsenio, fuck the radio  
Do you hear me though?  
Give a holla to my niggas in the pen  
And my murderous partners wit their Mac 10s  
I represent the real cause I'm ill, G  
Glock cocked the day they kill me  
I'm representin'

Peace to Redman, Treach, Vin Rock, Kay Gee the great one  
Mary J. Blige, Pete Rock and Troy, the late son  
Heavy D, CL Smooth, and Queen Latifah  
Too Short, Tony Toni Tone, LayLaw beat cuts  
Ed, the special motherfucker and the Lover  
The Tribe, A Tribe Called Quest, and Jungle Brothers  
Das EFX, EPMD, and Ice Cube  
House of Pain: funky blunted ass white dudes  
Cypress Hill, yeah, the ill niggas  
Digital Underground: my real niggas  
Raw Fusion, Organized Konfusion  
Wicked and the Mouse Man, Spice 1 and Pooh Man  
TLC, Eric B., Rakim, then Scarface  
Stretch, Maj, K-Low, pumpin the Squad's bass  
Thorough Heads, Poonannynans, The Click  
E-40, The Governor, and Richie Rich

Young Guns in the house pumpin the flava  
DJ Ditch for their behavior  
Off the head, my freestyle flow  
Just a couple of motherfuckers that I know  
I'm strictly representin

1 motherfucker, 2 motherfucker, 3 motherfuckers  
Damn, who did I forget?

I'm a soulja, daddy was a soulja  
Strong in the struggle  
Must contend so it's on  
Raised in a house full of bad motherfuckers  
Mad motherfuckers  
Never had so we grab from the stacked motherfuckers  
Now they know me, the homies  
Raised by some crazed ass well payed OG's  
Ah shit!  
Pulled up in a benzy, snatch  
The wheel as I peel out. Catch a cop's tail  
Rock shells hit. Raise a fist so they know to make a hit  
Can I flip it? I may get wicked as I rip it  
To get specific: If the shoe fits, then kick it  
It's for the gifted, pump your fist if you wit it  
Here's your ticket to see Mr. Wicked rip shit  
Now they wanna ban me (Told ya)  
All I wanted to be was a soulja  
Bang bang boogie, it's a stick up  
Quit now, nigga, eat a dick up  
Huh, I'm representin'

Thanks to jflo102000 for correcting these lyrics.

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